

PIOCHE WEEKLY RECORD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

PIOCHE, NEVADA.

IN THE SIERRAS.

The rocks 'o'm'er the tranquil vale
Like ruins vast and hoary;
Each gray old turret has its tale,
Each seam and scar its story.

A hundred centuries have penned
Upon these time-stained pages
A secret lore that is not known
By wisest seers and sages.

The fire, the frost, perchance the storms
Of some primeval ocean,
Have worn and torn these rugged forms
This petrified communion.

The years have softened all the scene,
The winds have sown the grasses;
And sun and rain have clothed with green
The naked slopes and passes.

Here, on the granite crags, I lie,
Lulled by the wind's low waiving;
And watch against the distant sky
The eagle slowly sailing.

The silver moon, with mellow ray,
Across your spur is drifting;
The roseate tints of dying day
Along the west are shifting.

The gray mist gathers in the gorge,
Where bright cascades are flowing;
While, like the gleam of lighted forge,
The snow-crowned peaks are glowing.

Rare pictures, born of sun and shade,
Come with the evening shadows;
Nightmares in the silent glade,
And veils the emerald meadows.

Above, the moaning pine trees stand;
Below, the shining river;
Unconscious, in this temple grand,
I worship God the Giver.

—Lucius Harwood Foote, in Boston Transcript.

TEXAS SIFTINGS SHORT STOPS.

Twin brothers may be eccentric, but they are never odd.

Some men never tumble, even when an idea strikes them.

Keep your conscience, but not your farm, void of a fence.

A drought that allows the flowers to die is too bad. It will not dew.

The regular drinker feels low-spirited when the demijohn is nearly emptied.

Apollo was a stickler for the code of honor. It was he who first struck the lyre.

Prohibition may succeed in corking up the bar-rooms, but it is no bottle stopper.

The schoolboy thinks that a switch in the hand would be twice as good in the bush.

There is a time when the laziest man can hurry. It is when the train stops ten minutes for refreshments.

We have no reason to think that Adam was selfish simply because in early life he only looked out for No. 1.

It only takes four quarters to get the moon full, a fact that causes envy to rankle in the breast of a great many people.

Slavery has been abolished in Brazil, but the buying and selling of baseball players is still an active industry in this country.

The impecunious dukes and other noblemen who come over here on a rich girl hunt, are all in favor of commercial union.

It would be well for some of our base-ball teams to imitate the example of the modest, unassuming hen, who never scores a goose-egg.

The cooking school lectures are closed until fall to allow the pupils to experiment on the new compounds and give the dyspeptics a chance to recover.

A colored barber in Idaho has drawn the color line; he refuses to shave Indians. He evidently thinks himself better than the American Government.

GERMANY'S FIGHTING MAN.

The new German uniform, in which the spiked helmet is to be replaced by the kepi, or fatigue cap, makes the marching kit of the German soldier thirteen pounds lighter than it was, and with the exception of Italy, lighter than that carried by the soldiers of any continental power. The stand-up collar, for instance, is to be replaced by a turned down one; the length of the coat is to be curtailed, the calico shirt is to be exchanged for one made of some knitted texture, the upper parts of the boots are to be made of lighter leather, and the nails employed in them are to be manufactured of lighter metal. The knapsack and its contents will be considerably lightened. The weight of the polishing materials and of the tinmed food will be reduced by 200 and 400 grammes respectively. The hinder cartridge pouch will disappear, and to compensate for its loss the two front ones will each contain forty-five instead of thirty cartridges, as hitherto, while an extra reserve supply of thirty per man will follow in the rear. Further, the present bayonet will be superseded by a new model weighing between 400 and 500 grammes less, the bolts, etc., will be made of narrower leather, the mountings of the helmets will be made of aluminum and reduced in size, and the overcoats will not be so thickly padded as heretofore.

N. S. Nesteroff, an attaché of the Russian Department of Agriculture, is in Michigan inspecting methods employed there in cutting and marketing lumber. His object is principally to get information respecting improvements in saw-mill machinery. Mr. Nesteroff pronounced the Saginaw Valley mills the finest he has ever seen.

N. K. White of Russellville, Ky., recently plowed up a bombshell from a battlefield of the late war. He built a fire upon it and ran away, and it exploded in as lively a fashion as if it hadn't been buried thirty years and more.

A "sign of the times," is the great plenty of venison in the London market. Formerly those who owned deer-shooting sent the bucks to their friends; now they send them to market to make a little money.

The trolley party is Brooklyn's latest fad. You collect your party, board a trolley car about 8 p. m., go to the end of the line, and come back on the same car, singing and having a good time generally both going and coming.

AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

We learn from a New York contemporary that some time since three tall Americans—Mr. Robinson, six feet high, and the Rev. Phillips Brooks, six feet two inches high, both of Boston, and the Rev. Dr. McVicker six feet four inches high, of Philadelphia—made in company a trip to this country. Enroute, they determined that, when they should reach England, they would travel apart, lest three such tall men together should provoke remark. But arriving at a well-known town in Yorkshire, and learning that a lecture was to be delivered to workmen on America, the three determined to be present. Entering the hall separately they took seats apart. As the lecturer proceeded, his utter ignorance of America soon became manifest to the three Americans. Finally, however, a statement concerning the size of Americans was too absurd to be endured in silence. The speaker had barely time to conclude a sentence asserting that Americans are proverbially short of stature, never exceeding at the utmost five feet ten inches, when Mr. Robinson arose and said: "My friends, I am an American, and, as you see, I measure fully six feet. If there is any other American who happens just now to be in the house, I request him to stand up." An expression of surprise was followed by roars of laughter as the Rev. Phillips Brooks arose and said, "I am an American, and my size, six feet two inches, occasions no particular remark in America. If there is any other American in the house, I in turn request him to stand up." After a lapse of a few seconds in order to give the lecturer a little time to recover himself, Dr. McVicker slowly raised his majestic figure to its full height of six feet four, and began: "I am an American. But this was too much, and he could not get any further. The audience had lost all control of themselves, and the speaker's disappearance from the stage brought the entertainment to a premature close.—London Public Opinion.

HERE IS A WONDERFUL EGG.

A large specimen of the egg of the fabled rook of the "Arabian Nights," or Aepyornis, as the extinct gigantic bird of Madagascar is called, has been secured by Mr. J. Proctor of Tamatave and Prince's Square, W., who has brought the curiosity to London.

It was discovered by some natives about twenty miles to the southward of St. Augustine's Bay, on the southwestern coast of Madagascar. It was floating on the calm sea, within twenty yards of the beach, and is supposed to have been washed away with the fore-shore, which consists of sandhills, after a hurricane in the early part of the year.

The childlike longshoreman of the antipodes, opining that the egg had value, showed the museum piece of flossom about with a view to sale, and it thus came into the hands of Mr. Proctor. The egg, which is white-brown in color and unbroken, is a fine specimen, 3 1/2 inches by 2 1/2 inches, and an even higher value is placed upon it than upon the egg of the great auk, which lived within the memory of man.

The Brobdignagian proportions of the egg are better demonstrated by comparison with the eggs of the ostrich and crocodile. An ostrich's egg is about 17 inches by 15 inches, and the contents of six such are only equal to one egg of the Aepyornis. The measurements of the egg of the crocodile are normally 9 inches by 6 1/2 inches. It would require the contents of sixteen and one-half emu's eggs to equal the contents of this great egg, or 148 eggs of the homely fowl, or 30,000 of the humming bird. The last egg of the kind disposed of in London sold for £100, though cracked.

WOMAN'S AFFAIRS.

Girls in Scotland can make valid wills at twelve years of age.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has celebrated her 75th anniversary. She is at this ripe age in the full possession of her faculties, and is rejoicing in a beautiful and vigorous old age.

In the University of Wisconsin, Mrs. Helen Campbell, who has been doing post-graduate work with Dr. Richard T. Ely, Dean of the School of Economics, was appointed associate professor, to lecture on "Social Economics and Women," and "Household Science."

The old joke about the inability of a woman to drive a nail has passed into silent and sympathetic dust. The other day a farmer's wife, three miles west of town, successfully shingled the entire one side of her dwelling-house while her husband was in town looking up a carpenter.

Miss Maria Gonzales Hermosillo has been appointed by President Diaz, of Mexico, postmaster at Teocaltiche, in the state of Jalisco. Miss Hermosillo is the first woman appointed to office in Mexico, and the departure has created a sensation among the women of that Republic.

Miss Alice King, the blind novelist, who died recently in England, must have been a woman of extraordinary perseverance. She was born with defective vision, and became totally blind at the age of seven. Nevertheless her education went on under her mother's guidance, and she acquired by ear seven languages. She learned to use a typewriter, with which she wrote her manuscripts, which were afterward read to her by her sister. Most of the proceeds of her literary work were devoted to benevolence.

"This is your little sister, Tommy," said his father, showing him the baby. "You will love her dearly, will you not?" "Yes, of course," replied Tommy, inspecting the latest arrival, "but it'll cost a good deal to keep her, won't it?" "I presume so," "Yes," said Tommy, with a long-drawn breath, "and when I asked you the other day to buy me a white rabbit you said you couldn't afford it."

Sweden, with a population of 4,350,000, has but 289 drug stores, or one to each 15,000 inhabitants. In the city of Boston alone there are about 400, or at least a hundred more than in all of Sweden. No patent medicines are allowed to be imported into Sweden nor manufactured there.

UNDER THE SEA.

Grouping Around on the Floor of the Ocean.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PHIL.

A Desperate Dash for Life—Fight With an Electrical Eel—The Curiosity of the Shark Family.

"Captain Phil" Davey and "Old Tom" Allen are as congenial and comfortable a pair of housemates as you could find in a week's walk. They are both divers by profession, or rather they were, for they have now retired from active service and settled down to quiet enjoyment of their hard-earned savings.

When I called at their home a few days ago Old Tom was out, but I received a most cordial welcome from Captain Phil, whom I found seated in a cozy armchair, smoking his pipe. "Adventures!" said Captain Phil. "Well, yes, I have had my share of 'em, I reckon. It would be a strange thing if I hadn't met with some odd and startling experiences in thirty-five years of groping around on the ragged old floor of the ocean."

"I remember a nasty half-hour I once had of it while I was working on a wreck in the West Indies. She was a large steamer that had struck on a reef and then slipped off into deep water, taking down the mails and a valuable cargo with her, though luckily all the passengers and crew were saved. Well, there were some papers as were particularly wanted, and I was in the chart-room under the bridge looking for them, when suddenly as I turned I saw the wicked snout of a big shark close to me. Nice fix for any one with delicate sort of nerves to be in, wasn't it, pinned in a corner of a little square room, and a big brute between you and the door. I went creeps all over, but I kept still and so did he. I got my knife, which we carry screwed in our belt, loose, I'd make a fight for it if the gentleman began any little game. So there we were, each staring at the other, and each waiting for the other to make a move."

"At last I stared him out of countenance, I suppose. Leastways he slves himself round and I see him drift toward the far side, so I begin to slide for the door. As soon as I begin to move he gets uneasy, maybe my tube touched him or the air bubbles frightened him, anyhow he makes a rush for the door and I respectfully makes way for the flourishes of his tail; but when he was off, I was off, too, in a pretty lively way. They say, sir, all animals have a fear of man, but sharks don't seem to recognize a man in a diver's costume. They often come poking around and smelling at us like so many great dogs. The greatest danger about the critters is that they might get too curious about the air tube and sample it with their teeth, and that, you see, sir, would be a settler for the man, sure enough. I caught one opening his jaws for this purpose one time, and gave him a clip on the nose with my crowbar. He went off like a shot and never bothered me again."

"Another time an immense brute came alongside where I was working and I stops and steps back quietly to let him pass. But he didn't. He came nearer. I wasn't particularly anxious for his company, so I kept getting out of his way. But the shark kept on, and soon I found I couldn't go a step farther, for he had me jammed up against a rock. I was relieved to see that the critter didn't open his jaws, however, but contented himself with rubbing up against me. I had a prong-shaped iron in my hand, and I put this between my body and his, for the sensation was just about as pleasant as that of having a cow rubbing herself against you. But these sharp iron points seemed to be just what he wanted. He took it like a great grip, bending his body and turning over on his side, so as to present a fresh place to the scratcher. Would you believe it, sir, I was kept there a full half-hour scratching that mangy shark, and I suppose the operation must have done him good, for at last he moved away and I didn't see him till the next day, when he returned for another application. That was the only time I held the job of scratcher to a shark."

"I think, sir, the greatest shock I ever got from a shark was one time when I was blowing up a reef of rocks so as to enlarge a little harbor on the coast. It was my work to make a hole to put in a charge of dynamite. When I went down every morning I would go over to a certain ledge which was always a good resting place for lobster. Morning after morning I used to find two or three of these 'crusties,' as a well-educated friend of mine calls them, sent up on up in a basket. Well, one day I walked straight up to this ledge as usual, and ran my hand carefully along its lower side. I was surprised to find my hand scraping along what I took to be a rock, but I was surprised still more when I discovered that my precious paw was groping within six inches of the mouth of a big shark, which had retired to rest in this cavity. The brute must have been as much alarmed as I was, for it made one spring from its resting place and disappeared in its dark wall of ocean. You can just bet I let lobsters alone after that and attended strictly to business."

"But sharks and such critters are not the only danger. You see, sir, when we move about a wreck the air tube and the line follow us, and we have to be mighty careful always to come back the same way we go; because we see if we pass anything on the way or go around a mast or under a companion ladder, and come back to other side of it, the tube and line kink around it and bring you up all standing, and you have to go back and follow your tube the way you come. Sometimes, if you have been down a goodish while, and moving about a lot, you get mixed and forget your bearings and are in a pretty fix. Why, once I remember I was over an hour following my tube like a puzzle before I could find my way up out of the engine-room in which I was working."

"If it happen that a man can't no ways free himself, and it's all touch-and-go with him, if he's only got a

clear way above him, he has one last chance, and a desperate one it is. He goes to work and knocks off his back and chest weights, shunts the escape valve which lets out the used-up air in his helmet, gets himself as full of air as ever he can, then cuts the tube above him, when, if he has luck, he tears clear and shoots up through the water. Of course it's a risky chance, and to prevent too quick a rush up, you have to fasten your waist line to somewhere below, and hold on to it going up.

"I remember my poor comrade, Jim Rollins. Jim got fouled somehow, and decided upon cutting his tube, so he signals for more air, and away the pumps go, till suddenly there is a rush of bubbles through the water, and next moment we feel a blow on the bottom of our boat. Heavens, that's Jim! I remember so it was. We got hold of him as quick as lightning and had him aboard and his helmet off in no time; but the poor chap was dead, sir—dead as a herring. An hour or two afterward a great blue line showed all around his chest and shoulders, just where the helmet sits. The doctor said he must have hit our kelp full kilt with his head, and the blow drove the helmet with such force as to crush all the lungs and things in his chest. He forgot to fix his waist line, poor chap, and you see he couldn't stop his shooting up."

"Ay, sir, we see a good many startling sights in our business. Down Cape Cod way a few years back a vessel ran on a rock, and went down in eight minutes of water. Everybody was saved except the captain and his wife. They were in the cabin at the time, and as the vessel gave a lurch and sank, one of the sailors said he saw their pale faces staring out from the battened-down skylight. The captain's father wanted the bodies badly and he hired me to go down. When I stood on top of the cabin, there sure enough were the two white faces glued to the glass just as the sailor had said. It didn't take me long to knock off the skylight, when up shoots the two corpses like bladders through the water, where the hands aloft got hold of them and lifted them into the boat. I tell you, sir, it was a gressome sight."

"Well, sir, I could tell you yams of this sort by the hour, but here comes Old Tom. I guess he'll give you a few odd experiences. Between you and me, though, you mustn't believe more than half he says. He's a great romancer, Tom is."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

TANNING SKINS.

We have had a number of inquiries at different times for directions for tanning skins for the purpose of making rugs. We find in an exchange some directions which the writer says have been used in his family for several years and can be relied upon. Dissolve one-half pound alum, one pound salt-petre, five pounds common salt and two ounces corrosive sublimate in two gallons of water. Put it in a large stone jar or small tub, and cover so that no animal can drink it for the corrosive sublimate is poison. If there is much flesh on the hides lay them on a board, flesh side up, and rub them with a brick or a dull knife until it is removed. After all the ingredients are dissolved put the skins into the liquid and allow them to remain two or three weeks. Of course large skins require more liquid as they must be covered with it all the time. When they are taken out, rub and work them until they are dry, and they will be soft and pliable.

A calf hide, with long black hair, makes a very handsome laprobe. The hides of cats, rats, squirrels and rabbits are nice for trimming or for making caps, muffs or capes. Sheepskins make beautiful rugs tanned in this way. As white rugs are so easily soiled most housekeepers prefer to dye them. Dissolve one or more packages of diamond dye, for wool, by tying loosely in a piece of cheese-cloth and soaking in water all night. Then put in a large dishpan and add boiling water. When it has boiled two or three minutes let two persons standing on opposite sides of the stove, pass the pelt back and forth in the dye with the wool side down. It will be more convenient to hold, if a strong twine string is fastened in each corner of the pelt. Do not allow the dye to cover the skin. When the wool is the desired shade in rice and dry. The center may be cut out of one pelt, and the border of another, and where it is necessary to piece it sew the seams from the back over and over loosely so it will lie flat. The center may be olive green with a border of garnet, or pink may be used for the center with a golden brown border. In fact they may be made of any colors that will harmonize with the room in which they are used. They should then be lined with some heavy material.

Rugs may also be made of other kinds of skins, such as wolf, fox, dog-skins, etc., left their natural color. Very pretty trimmings are made by tanning young lambskins that are curly and dyed them black or seal-brown. Diamond dyes are the only kind that can be used satisfactorily in this work.

A man who travels frequently by the coastwise steamers to Southern ports, and who is liable to be seasick when the water is rough, says he would be sick much oftener, and often much sicker, if he did not, instead of the reclining steamer chair, use an ordinary rocking chair during his voyages. When the motion of the ship makes the chair rock, it seems perfectly natural, and just what might happen on a hotel porch.

When Sidney Smith was rector of a parish in Yorkshire, he found his vestry were discussing the propriety or otherwise of paving a certain approach to the church with wooden blocks. Having decided to undertake it, the question arose as to how. "Gentlemen," said the witty rector, "I think if you will all put your heads together, as the saying is, the thing can be accomplished without much difficulty."

Professor Hayem, of Paris, has recently shown that there is a marked association between dyspepsia and tuberculosis in a great number of cases. The disorder most commonly present is simple gastritis. As the digestive disorder usually occurs first, and paves the way for the pulmonary disease, it is important that disorders of digestion should receive prompt attention.—Exchange.

ITALIAN SUMMERS.

The Chamber of Deputies in the Heated Term.

DISCUSSING THE ANARCHISTS.

Bad Governmental Control of the Railways.—Enchanting Castellamare on the Bay of Naples.

It was very hard to leave home, though we had some hot weather there in July. During the last days of the session, the Roman firemen were kept busy sprinkling the roof of the Camera with water, so that the deputies might not actually dissolve before the dissolution of Parliament. At last the bill dealing with the treatment of Anarchists was passed, and in spite of the wearisome delays of Inbriated and the other obstructionists, the tired ministers and deputies were free to go to their respective homes. I was present on the last evening of the session, seated in the press gallery, with Mrs. Taylor, the correspondent of the London "Standard," from whence I watched and listened to the men who are making the history of Italy. The ranks were considerably thinned since my last visit, and yet there were more than enough members present to secure the government's victory. The Radicals had been playing the game of tiring out their adversaries, and I listened to a speech made merely to gain time, which made me very indignant. The speaker stopped between every sentence, eking out the meaningless words, with equally meaningless pauses. Signor Crispi, who wears upon his watch chain a forked branch of red coral, the greatest guarantee of good luck and safeguard against the evil eye, must have produced this potent charm very often that evening, if the story is to be credited, which affirms that whenever the Prime Minister is attacked by any of his enemies in the house, the little bit of coral is held in his hand, and turned towards the speaker, whose malice may thus be averted.

The bill which was so much discussed is aimed against writers who express sympathy with Anarchists, and is framed with a view to stopping the spread of the creed of Moloch. The humorous suggestion so often made, of sending all the anarchists to an uninhabited island, and giving them there with large amounts of the deadliest explosives, in the hope that they will soon do away with each other, seems likely to be realized with certain modifications. The government has dispatched a commission to investigate Italy's African possessions, to ascertain if there is not some suitable spot to plant a colony on the model of the English penal colonies. Poor Africa! Was ever a country so abused before? The ancient Romans believed that the interior of this mysterious land was inhabited by dwarfs, giants and monsters, but they never even dreamed of so deadly a creature as their descendants are about to transplant into its midst.

I wish I could hear some theory advanced for the overthrow of the ideal of anarchy. The universal cry is "shoot, hang, behead, banish, imprison the anarchists," but I listen in vain for the voice of the prophet who shall convert them from their false gospel. The repressive measures Italy has taken are warranted by the situation, but it is a grave question whether they will prove of much use, even in the palliative sense. That "the blood of martyrs is the church's seed," is as true of one faith as of another. Great surprise is felt by some persons that Laga, the man who tried to shoot Crispi, has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, the term does not seem to me excessive, if the law takes into account the intention behind the act, and sets some men free because they have committed accidental homicide, surely it must consider the intention in the act when willful murder has been attempted.

The wings of an evil genius darken the sky of Europe. All who are in high office sit in their shadow. Crispi is a brave man. He laughed at the threats which every post brought him, until they were aimed at his young daughter, the creature he loves best in the world. Now he laughs no longer, and his villa near Naples is guarded night and day.

When the King and Queen left Rome for the country, the ambassadors, ministers, deputies and foreign correspondents did likewise. As my friends left town, one after the other, and urged me to go with them, I felt a certain irritation, which I confess was ungrateful. How stupid it would be, I thought, to exchange my own comfortable house, with its cool tiled floors all the floors in Rome are paved with bricks, marble or tiles, its matchless terrace, its big bath with the spring cold aqua marcia running constantly through it, for some small, comfortably lodged at the seaside or in the mountains. I remembered that our dear old friend, Thomas Sullivan Dwight, used to talk in just this strain every summer when his friends departed for Naples, on route for Castellamare. We arrived at the station some time before the train started, but the only seats we could find were in a carriage designed to hold ten people, already containing eight, and capable of making four comfortable. We each had a Gladstone bag, for as every pound of luggage must be paid for at an exorbitant rate, people carry as much as possible with them. We had the two worst seats, in the middle of the carriage, farthest from the window, and to make matters worse, we were obliged to put our bags between

us on the floor, as not an inch of room remained in the racks. A friendly old gentleman who sat next the window, expressed deep sympathy with us, and swore at the railroad people for their customary meanness in running so few carriages. When we reached our destination, that wily old person summoned three porters to whom he confided his belongings, consisting of nine large pieces of baggage. No wonder we had to stow our bags under our feet.

I wish that Mr. Debs and some of the other gentry who clamor for the monopoly of the railroads by the government, could do a little traveling in Italy, and learn just what sort of a railroad a government railroad is. Competition is the breath of progress, individualism is the key of civilization. Banish these two things from the United States and you will very soon have an Italy, with all the genius left out. Here there is a monopoly of spirits, railroads, tobacco, and all three are the worst to be found in Europe.

An hour's journey brought us from Naples to Castellamare, one of the loveliest places in the world. It lies in the corner of the Bay of Naples, just at the end of the peninsula of Sorrento, which contains some of the finest scenery in Europe. The town of Castellamare is a busy trading and fishing port, having a population of over 30,000 inhabitants, who, at the first glance, seem to be chiefly aged fishermen, and lovely liquid-eyed children. When I learned more of the customs of the place, I found that the younger men are mostly out in their boats, and the women are employed in the silk factory except such as are occupied in drawing up the fish-nets, one of the most picturesque sights that it is possible to see. There is a certain strip of beach upon which I look down from an ancient villa (where I am given the privilege of roaming at my pleasure, and of picking up many figs and flowers as I want), and here I sit every day and watch the drawing up of the nets. Two men—a youth of 17, and a gray-beard of 70—work here with a score of women. The part of the beach where they stand is very narrow, as the high cliffs of the villa rise up at a short distance from the sea. The nets must be set far out, for no matter how early I come I find the floats still at a good distance from the shore and the long line of fisher-folk pulling bravely at the rope. The rhythmic grace of their motion is incomparably beautiful. Keeping perfect time twenty pairs of arms stretch out, take hold of the rope, a score of bodies lean forward, and at a given moment all throw themselves backward, taking a step further up the beach with each haul. When the last man or woman reaches the wall of the cliff he, or she, drops the rope, goes down to the water's edge, and becomes the first of the line. This constant changing of places gives an endless variety to the scene.

Now, Caterina is the leader, now her mother, next her vigorous old grandmother, who is considered quite an aged person, though she is only 46 years old, her daughter 30, and my friend, Caterina, the grand daughter, 15.

The women, old and young, wrinkled or rosy-faced, all have those sovereign beauties—a nobility of carriage and a graceful freedom of movement, which only a perfect physical development can give. Caterina, who from the time she could walk, has been in the habit of carrying burdens upon her head, and who works every day at pulling in the fish nets, puts to the blush a certain young countess I met walking in the park every afternoon. The countess is an ardent disciple of Delsarte, and spends several hours each day in shaking her hands and feet from side to side and other meaningless exercises of the same description. I always compare the studied artificiality of her movements with the untrammelled grace of the fisher girl. Caterina is the most beautiful creature imaginable. Her short, striped, red and black petticoat and full white shirt do not hide the perfection of her figure, and her wild black hair, soft brown eyes, cheeks like dusky peaches, mouth with its cupid bow and small white teeth, her bare, brown ankles and arms, make up a whole of physical perfection whose equal I have never before seen. Usually the feet and hands of these people are coarse and work deformed, but Caterina's hands are still fine in shape, while her feet would make the fortune of a Parisian model. She some times goes on an errand for me; the other day she brought me a book from a friend at a neighboring hotel—from force of habit, or because it is the easiest manner for her to carry any article, however small, the little Tauchnitz volume was brought me on her head, posed on the little round pad on which rests the heavy copper water jar, which I often meet her carrying to or from the fountain. We have become fast friends.

Caterina thinks she would like to go back with me to Rome and learn how to take her for my own sake, but I once saw a poor, caged sea gull moping and pining for its freedom, and I know full well that Caterina, combed and curled, washed and purged of the odors of fish and brine, would not be the happy, laughing girl she is on the sands of Castellamare. There is a certain black-browed Pietro, a sailor in the boat which takes us out on the bay, who would have something to say about the matter, I fancy.

I never knew what sea bathing could be till I came here. To be able to swim, and float, and dive for as long a time as one pleases, without fear of cramps or goose-flesh, is a joy indeed. At home, when we all go in a family party for a dip in the cool waters of Narragansett, a stern guardian sits, watch in hand, upon the beach, and admonishes the different bathers to come out after a three, five, eight, or, at the outside ten minutes' swim. Nothing but a native American restlessness and desire for change brings me out of the Bay of Naples, whose waters are so deliciously warm that if I stay here too long I shall certainly turn into an amphibious animal. This would be very unfortunate, for if I should become web-footed I could not hold a pen, and you, my friends would hear nothing more about my summer outing, or, as the Italians say, "Villaggiatura," which has some wonderful experiences in store for me, and I am bold enough to hope for you as well.—Maud Howe Elliott, in Inter-Ocean.

Milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

PICKINGS.

The Compulsory Vaccination Bill in the Massachusetts legislature was amended so that children presenting a certificate from a regular physician that they are unfit subjects for vaccination are not subject to the law.

While some workmen were digging recently among the ruins of temples of upper Egypt, they unearthed an iron box containing a metal plate, on which two scientists, who have reputations at stake, declare to be a camera and lens.

The cocoa palm is the most useful tree on earth. The nuts furnish water, food, milk and wine, and the buds a good substitute for cabbage, the shells utensils and the fibre clothing and textile fabrics, its juices ink and its leaves pen and paper.

Miss Kate Hilliard, in a paper read before the New York Theosophists, speaking of hypnotism, says that no one while under the influence has ever been induced to surrender a vital secret. Many experiments have been tried with this intent, but without success.

Poisonous snakes are so numerous in Venezuela that snake bite is almost as common there as in India. But there are fewer fatalities, for the natives have discovered that a plant known as the ocumillo, when powdered and applied to the wound, results in a cure in almost every case.

"If a body meets a body
Coming through the eye,
Can't a body kiss a body
For fear of bacilli?"

The microbe theory is 2000 years old, for Terentius Varro wrote, 37 B. C., that there are invisible animalcules growing in swampy regions which get into the body by way of the mouth and the lungs, and cause serious diseases.

A free and constant ventilation and an out-of-door life are the safeguards against consumption, and wherever these can be carried out mechanically, or in an automatic way, or wherever these conditions are persistently maintained, there is your beneficial climate—whether it be on the coast of Labrador or on the Mediterranean shores of America.—Southern California.

An operation for appendicitis revealed the fact that the disorder was due to the presence of tooth brush bristles. "Cheap tooth brushes," remarked the surgeon who had charge of the case, "are responsible for many obscure throat, stomach and intestinal ailments. The bristles are only glued on and come off by the half-dozen when wet and brought in contact with the teeth."

Professor Garner is by no means a pioneer in the investigation of the Simian language. Lady Burton records in her husband's biography that the late Sir Richard had forty monkeys which sat down daily with him at dinner, and that he had quite mastered the elements of their speech. He had made a list of about sixty of their most familiar words, but the paper was lost in a fire.

Our lives are universally shortened by our ignorance. In attaining complete knowledge of our own natures and of the nature of surrounding things—in ascertaining the conditions of existence to which we must conform, and in discovering the means of conforming to them under all variations of seasons and circumstances—we have abundant scope for intellectual progress.—Herbert Spencer.

EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

The Kutztown State Normal School of Virginia opened last week with nearly 800 students.

The great Catholic College at Stonyhurst, England, is about to celebrate its opening, 100 years ago.

Every State and Territory in the Union except five have temperance education laws. The five are Indiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Georgia and South Carolina.

There are now 340 school savings banks in this country. Pennsylvania takes the lead, but some very flourishing banks of this kind have been established in Colorado, Kansas and North Dakota. As a rule 3 per cent. interest is allowed on deposits of \$3 and over.

Nikolai Michailovitch Jadriznaff, the founder of the Siberian University, died recently in St. Petersburg. He was the editor of a well-known weekly journal and had explored almost every part of Siberia, writing a number of books upon the country. He was born in 1842.

The University of Lille, France, is said to be the first institution of learning on the continent to add a department of journalism. Abbe Dr. Costen will read lectures on the great editors of England and Germany. Professor Gand will lecture on the laws governing the press, and M. Tavernier of the Paris "Univers," will speak upon the duties of newspaper men and the way a paper is printed.

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